

No Retreat by alby_mangroves

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Summary:

Nancy yanked the parlor door open only to find Jonathan already standing there, a deer-in-the-headlights look about him.

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Author's Note:

- For [k8andrewz](#).

Thank you to leveragehunters for the lighting-fast beta ♥



Nancy yanked the parlor door open only to find Jonathan already standing there, a deer-in-the-headlights look about him.

Perhaps he'd never meant to knock. Perhaps he'd only meant to stand there and torture himself a little bit the second time, knowing she was beyond the door getting ready for bed since they'd already decided Mr Bauman was full of shit and didn't know a thing about them, about how they didn't feel about each other, not at all, no sir.

When he kissed her, it was frantic and hard and shaky and she went with it at first, thrilled at how much he obviously wanted her, how nervous his hands were, tangling in her hair and clutching at her shoulders. He was shaking.

They stumbled back into the spare bedroom Bauman had so presumptuously given to them for the night, slapped the door closed behind them, then stumbled further until Nancy's legs hit the bed and she went over backwards. Jonathan barely caught himself on his hands before he landed on her, but she still managed to clip his chin with her elbow. He gasped and pulled back a little, panting, hair hanging in his face.

"You okay?" Nancy asked, and he nodded, but when he surged back in to kiss her, their teeth clacked together and they both drew back with a little hiss.

"Sorry, I'm sorry," he mumbled, and she could see the moment

dropping away, leaving them both awkwardly suspended in each other's space, the room gone cold where seconds earlier there had been the promise of heat.

Jonathan pulled back and he was leaving, he was going to go back to Bauman's study to sleep on Bauman's sofa and pretend this had never happened; Nancy could see it in the mortification climbing up his neck. His face had come over in a blotchy red stain; he was thinking he'd blown it.

"Hey, it's okay," she said, but that had somehow made it even worse. He was pulling away from her like she was fire, and Nancy didn't know what to do, didn't know how to, she had to— "Jonathan."

He stopped where he was, half turned away and with his hands fluttering down, nearly cupping himself, trying to hide himself from her. He was so embarrassed, she could almost taste it.

"Jonathan," she repeated softly. "Come back. Lie down on the bed."

It was like she was suddenly speaking another language; he looked at her uncomprehendingly until she patted the mattress and smiled at him, and then he looked at the bed like it was made of snakes instead of green flannel sheets.

"Come on, here, like this," she said and fluffed the pillows up against the wall so Jonathan could lie back against them, never taking his eyes off her. *Trust issues*, Bauman had said. Trust issues, indeed. Nancy was having none of that. She shuffled up on her knees and straddled him, putting her weight right across his thighs, and for all that he wasn't built for sports, there was still a pleasing bulk to him, a nice solidity. Nancy wriggled a little, getting comfortable.

"We're going to try something," she said. He had beautiful hands, artist's hands, and it looked like he didn't know what to do with them; they were clenching and unclenching in the sheets beside her knees, so she took them and brought them to her waist. He'd gone breathless and wide-eyed, watching her, leaning in until their faces were so close she could rub her nose alongside his, and that was better; that was *so much* better.

She kissed his mouth softly at first, cupping his face to hold him still, and she hadn't said he couldn't move his hands but he wasn't moving them, he'd stayed exactly where she'd put him; it made her burn up inside to figure this out about him, about them. He wanted to please her. He wanted to do as she said.

This kiss was a gasping, fragile thing, and Nancy let it be that, let it be tentative and tasting. She flicked her tongue over his bottom lip, then the top one, then sucked on them each in turn a little. His hands flexed on her waist, fingers digging in, bunching up in her nightgown, and Nancy rocked forward a little, catching his erection, making him moan right into her mouth.

She sat back a little, rocking in his lap and he looked up at her like she was everything he'd ever wanted, eating her up with those dark, hooded eyes.

"You like to watch, don't you," she said, and the little flicker of fear confirmed what she'd already known. "It's okay," she said, and flexed into his trembling hands. "I like to be watched." She hadn't ever given voice to that thought before, but it was out now, and it was true. Nancy brought her hands to the buttons at her throat and began to undo them, watching his awed face all the while.

"You can watch me," she said, and once all the buttons were undone she took his hands and pushed them up until he was cupping her through the nightgown, staring at his own hands touching her. "Are you ready to watch me?"

"Yes," he whispered, and she'd never felt this before, this amazing power. With Steve it had been his advantage, his experience, and it wasn't that he'd set out to make her feel that way but that's how it had gone with them. This was different. This was Nancy in the driver's seat. She'd never ask Jonathan if this was his first time; she didn't have to. It was in his eyes and in his eager, shaky kisses, and Nancy knew that look, she'd been that shaky. It was so heady that he was about to give her something of himself to keep.

She kissed him again, messier, dirtier, and he groaned, rubbing himself up against her. Nancy thought she could probably make him come like this and would, if she didn't stop rolling in his lap, but that

wasn't what she wanted. What she wanted was to awe him. To be something *wonderful* for him. She caught his eye and lifted the hem of her nightie, pulling it slowly over her head, and when she tossed it aside, Jonathan's hands were hovering over her chest, his eyes roaming all over her body, her small breasts, the flare of her hips and between her thighs where she was suddenly tingly and wet.

She let him look. She wanted him to look.

"Now you," she said, and he had his shirt off before Nancy could blink, and they were chest to chest. Like her, he was smooth and pale, lean, with blue veins close to the skin and a pink flush rising up to his bobbing throat, and those beautiful hands making sense now that she could see nearly the whole of him.

"You can touch me." Nancy could hardly believe it was her own sure words, her own low voice saying and doing these things. Jonathan exhaled shakily and put his hands on her chest and she rolled herself into his touch, rubbing her nipples against his palms, gasping at the lovely pressure.

He was hard and she wanted to see him. She hadn't really seen a dick up close like this; she'd not had the privacy or the time or the boldness to do it, but this was different. Tonight was different, tonight she was her own Nancy. She slipped her fingers beneath the waistband of Jonathan's pajama pants and tugged, making him rise up to help so she could slip them over his hips and look her fill at the way his cock curved smoothly towards his belly, his balls drawn up tight in their nest of dark curls. She took him in a light grip and his head fell back on the pillow with a stuttered gasp.

It would feel even better to rub up on him now with no barrier of clothes between them, and Nancy shuffled forward on her knees just a little, enough that she could rock herself against him, make him as wet and slippery as she was, encourage him to push up and rub on her just so, just like—no, too hard, gentler, that's, oh that's, yeah—like she would touch herself. She held him down with a firm hand on his flat stomach and he slowed, fell into rhythm with her, and oh, it was so good. She moaned and closed her eyes. This was perfect. He was perfect.

"Oh, God," he cried, looking down at himself thrusting up between her legs, the head of his cock glistening and flushed dark and so eager to please her. "Oh, my god, *Nancy*."

It made Nancy bold to have him like this. It made her wild, made her thoughts come right out of her mouth. "Next time you can put your face there," she said, looking into his eyes, letting her gaze drop to his mouth. He had such a beautiful mouth. "You can lick me and make me come," she said, trembling, holding him to that perfect rhythm so she could imagine it, *see* the flat of his tongue licking deep in the thatch of dark hair between her legs and it was the helpless way he looked down, as if he could see it, too, imagine his mouth in place of his cock, that made the base of her spine melt, delicious, relentless heat spreading out as she started to come.

He kept rolling up against her until she was done, until she pressed down on his stomach to tell him to stop. Her thighs were trembling, everything was still shivery and shaky as she melted into him, nuzzling against his face and slanting their mouths together. He was panting, trying to hold still because she'd asked him to.

"I'm not retreating," she said, looking at those black eyes of his, hair stuck to his brow and his mouth kissed red. "I don't retreat." She sat up a little, took him in hand to put him at the right angle and sat down on his cock slowly, so slowly that his eyes rolled back in his head.

It was amazing to have him inside her now that she'd come—she was swollen and sensitive and everything felt amplified like she was still in the midst of it somehow. Like she was still glowing. Jonathan held her around her waist and thrust up into her, still tentative, still holding back and she could almost get there again—there was the possibility of it within reach if she could just concentrate on it, if Jonathan fucked her just right, if she told him how.

The thought alone was amazing all by itself except that she could see how much it cost him to hold back like this, to keep to her pace. He was shaking with it, gasping for it, so hard inside her. Next time, she'd push further, she'd know to look for it, to work her body towards it.

For now, she went limp in his grasp and toppled off sideways, stretching her arms above her head. “Come here,” she whispered, and he did, he came to her, crawling up between her legs so he could sink back inside her with a shivery moan.

Nancy held him close and it didn’t take long for him to get wild-eyed and erratic and for his hips to stutter, and even like this, he was looking at her face, watching her for cues. Even on her back for him, she felt that power and was awed by it.

“God, *Nancy*,” he said, and suddenly pulled away from her, moved back, coming thickly over his fist and all over the green sheets. Nancy watched him with wide eyes. She’d never seen *that* before, either.

He looked up, then, red-faced and sheepish, breathing hard. “We never talked about birth control,” he stuttered, and Nancy huffed a laugh, then fell back laughing because no, they hadn’t, and he wasn’t to know she’d been on the pill for a few months now and hadn’t stopped to think or to reassure him, and still he cared enough to be careful, even when he thought she hadn’t.

“Thank you,” she said, and meant it, and by the tentative smile on his face, he believed her, even with his *trust issues*. When she shifted a little, retreating to one side of the bed, he let himself fall on his stomach beside her, their shoulders touching.

“I didn’t know you could talk like that,” Jonathan said, sounding half asleep already, and Nancy smiled, closing her eyes against the strange room, the warmth of Jonathan’s body making her feel soft and sleepy.

“Wait till you see I’m not just all talk,” she said, and let herself drift away, too.

